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tation I could not understand, till looking around me for a moment, I observed, that we were in the very shepherd's cabin we had left between three and four hours before. We had in truth never crossed the mountain. The family were seated round a table, on which lay a heap of potatoes, and a jug of butter-milk, which seemed to travel round the party, as they were desirous of partaking of its contents. In this groupe was the poor governess, but she seemed contented and even happy. I pressed the lady of the house, to send one of her sons with us to guide us over the hill, for I did not like the idea of being foiled in the attempt, but she was more resolute in her denial than at first. I offered her a high bribe, but all to no purpose; he would be "kilt" by his father, she said. This was quite decisive, and we were compelled to go round the bottom of the mountain, instead of over it, according to our morning plan.—After travelling several miles over an uninteresting tract, we reached the deer park, at the head of the Powerscourt demesne. This is by far the most extensive and interesting demesne I have seen in Ireland. The road winds along the banks of a beautiful stream, and the gentle sloping hills are even richer in the garniture of groves, than is usual in Ireland. The waterfall is much frequented, and I believe, much admired; but all these things depend on comparison. It is not remarkable either for its height, or the breadth of water that forms it: but the surrounding scene is beautiful. Towards the bottom of this lovely glen, Powerscourt-house stands on a bank of considerable elevation, fronted by a lawn of considerable extent and beauty. The whole has an air of magnificence, suited to the noble family to whom it belongs. This ancient family boasts many eminent men; but no one is better entitled to the grateful recollections of posterity, than the late Lord Powerscourt, if magnificent donations devoted to the glorious cause of propagating genuine christianity over the earth, deserve the gratitude of mankind. The Dargle was the last place we visited, and to describe it, would be nearly to repeat what I have said respecting the Devil's glen, to which it bears a strong likeness: yet it is softer in its character, and richer and brighter in its features. But I must now bid adieu to this land of chrystal waters, and green leaves, and fair wild flowers. I am, &c. G—.

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#### ON THE WILD ROSE.

The glowing heats of Eastern skies,  
May nurture flowers more bright than thee,  
Or streak them with the varied dyes,  
Which in the tulip's bloom we see.

But here those flowers are hard to tend,  
Demanding culture, toil, and care,  
Whilst thou with rugged thorns dost blend,  
And shed'st thy sweetness thro' the air.

Like Charity thy flowers do blow,  
In the most rugged paths we tread,  
Like her a beauty they bestow,  
Where every beauty else has fled.

Farewell—as long as village maids,  
Can love what's lovely, sweet or fair,  
They'll pluck thee from thy modest shades,  
And wear thee 'mid their raven hair.